

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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MORNING-GLORIES.

She took no gold or precious store
Into that far-off land.
Only some morning-glory seeds
I sowed within her hand.
I thought the spirit of the flower
Somehow with hers might rise,
And quicken into life and bloom
The soil of Paradise.
It seemed so far for her to go
Alone, to that strange place,
Where every thing was great and grand,
With no familiar face.
But if she had those blossoms there
Should feel at home I know,
For round her she they always hung
Their bells of pink and blue.
She loved them so—they were the first
We planted when she came,
A girlish love to share my home,
My heart, my heart, my name.
And always when I came she stood
To greet me in the door,
Where morning-glories twined, and three
Light shadows on the floor.
"The angels through these trumpets bring
Some messages may speak,"
She used to say, and held them up
To show, and lip and cheek.
I smiled at her quaint fancy then,
But now, when comes a stir
Among the leaves, my heart grows still
To hear some word from her.
For you, where the east is bright
Where morning-glories fair,
I know she waits for me the same
Upon the threshold there.
—Miss Mary Estlin, in *Indianapolis Journal*.

A FRIENDLY SCHEME.

The Successful Way in Which a Bride Was Won.

"I think it's too bad," said Charlie Oxford.
"What's too bad?" asked his friend, Joe Wadleigh.
"Why, that I am so poor and happen to be in love with a rich girl."
"Nothing bad about that."
"But there is, under the circumstances. If either I were not poor or Alice not rich, old Mr. Thayer would give his consent."
"Why, the obstinate old gentleman! And you can't persuade him, with all your logic?"
"Persuade him! He won't listen to me. Why, he angrily ordered me never to enter his house again—darken my doors was the exact expression; but he shall not blight her life and mine by his heartless obstinacy? He shall not! I defy him! We'll elope!"
"But, Charlie," said Joe, "it would be far more desirable to marry Alice with the consent of her father, and if you will confoundly place your case in my hands and do just as I tell you, without asking any questions, I will engage to have you married to Alice Thayer within three months, if desirable, with the unqualified approval of her father."
"Very good then; I become your client at once. I know you wouldn't deceive me. Now what shall I do?"
"Well—do nothing. Go about your usual business and do not go near Mr. Thayer's house or try to see Alice clandestinely. Leave all to me. But when you meet the old gentleman anywhere, merely greet him with formal and dignified politeness and pass on. Then report each meeting to me."
"I will follow your instructions."
"And the two friends parted.
Charlie Oxford, who was a newspaper reporter, had only lived a year in the little Western city of C., but that was quite long enough to allow him to fall in love with Alice Thayer, the prettiest and best girl in the place, and the daughter of a leading and wealthy citizen.
Joe Wadleigh was a clerk in Mr. Thayer's business establishment, and a very shrewd fellow he was.
A week after his conversation with his friend, Charlie Oxford met Mr. Thayer in the street.
Remembering his instructions, he bowed coldly, when, much to his astonishment, the old gentleman smiled and said "Good morning," with unmistakable cheerfulness.
Charlie would have passed on, but Mr. Thayer stopped him with:
"Oh, by the way, a word, Mr. Oxford."
"Certainly," replied Charlie, with dignity.
"The fact is," said Mr. Thayer, "I fear you think I have been intentionally rude towards you. You see, I am naturally impulsive, and had not given the matter a thought. I was not aware of—that is, I would say," stammered Mr. Thayer, with the air of one who narrowly escapes saying something accidentally which he would not say for worlds, "the fact is, since I have thought on the subject, I conclude there is no reason why you should not be considered a friend of the family. So, forget the past, call at my house as often as you can make it convenient, and you shall always be welcome. I know you and Alice are fond of each other, and I think it would not be right forcibly to separate you.
And the meeting terminated.
That evening he reported all to Joe.
"It works charmingly," was the brief comment.
"Why, what can be working this great change?" asked Charlie. "Can he be mad?"
"No—though he may some day. He is perfectly sane, and means all he says. Avail yourself of his present friendliness; go to his house; be agreeable, though reticent; marry Alice as soon as convenient. Then I will explain."
It was a very stylish wedding that took place just four weeks later. The ceremony was performed at the Thayer mansion, and the elite were present. Everybody was happy, and none appeared more so than the bride's father.
Mr. Thayer remarked, good humorously, that he wasn't going to give a

bride away for nothing, and I had Charlie's check for \$20,000, and certain deeds making him the owner of a handsome residence and other real estate.

It was nearly half a year before Benjamin Thayer began to entertain a faint glimmering of the fact that it was just possible for a certain letter to have been a fabrication.

It was a letter which, about six weeks before his daughter's marriage, had in some inscrutable way got mixed with his own mail matter, and which, although it was addressed to "Charles Oxford," he had opened and read—perhaps without noticing that it was not addressed to himself.

But even if he had discerned this fact he might only have been prompted by a commendable desire to discover something unfavorable in the antecedents or connections of one who aspired to his daughter's hand, and who might be a more adventurous. Stray letters often make such disclosures.

But the letter happened to read as follows, word for word:

"NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 18—
"Your Lordship—I have just returned from England, after placing your estates in the hands of a new steward, as you desired. On making a thorough investigation, I discovered that your Lordship's former steward, Casey, had squandered only \$2,000 of \$10,000, which was not so bad as there was reason to suspect. But there is no knowing what he might have done had he not been suddenly checked in his reckless career."
"Of your revenues for last year, \$20,000 are placed to your credit in the Bank of England, and I have invested a like amount for you in American railroad bonds. The \$10,000 which your Lordship annually gives to the poor I carefully distributed for you, as you directed."
"I trust that your Lordship's health is good, and that you may not lack enjoyments. I feel deeply interested in your scheme to secure a wife who may marry you without being aware of your high position. On the devotion of such a one, when you have secured her, you can always rely. But it does seem odd to me, the idea of your Lordship assuming the humble role of a newspaper reporter, and the plain name of Charles Oxford. No doubt you feel the inconvenience of the situation, but I sincerely hope your Lordship will eventually be rewarded by the love of a lovely woman.
I pray do not hesitate to command me whenever I can serve your Lordship in the slightest degree. Your obedient servant,
Edward King, Attorney at Law,
Louis William Charles Oxford, Earl of Greatwick."

If this letter really was a fabrication, it must have been the work of that unscrupulous little Joe Wadleigh. But no matter, what was done could not be undone, and old Ben Thayer was a trifle too sensible to make a noise about it that might present himself to the public in a ridiculous light. So, after feeling just a little vicious for a day or two, he concluded to make the best of it, and consoled himself with the reflection that, if he did not get a "distinguished nobleman" for a son-in-law, as he had once thought, he at least got a noble man, since distinguished in journalism. N. Y. *Evening World*.

SUNSTROKE IN SIBERIA.

Sand-storms and Intense Heat in the Great Irkutsk Valley.
I laughed at a Russian officer in Omsk who told me that the heat in the valley of Irkutsk was often so intense as to cause nausea and fainting, and who advised me not to travel between eleven o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon, when the day was cloudless and hot. The idea of having a sunstroke in Siberia, and the suggestion not to travel there in the middle of the day, seemed to me so preposterous that I could not restrain a smile of amusement. He assured me, however, that he was talking seriously, and that he had seen soldiers unconscious for hours after a fit of nausea and fainting, brought on by marching in the sunshine. He did not know sunstroke by name, and seemed to think that the symptoms which he described were peculiar effects of the Irkutsk valley heat, but it was evidently sunstroke that he had seen.
At the station of the Voroninskaya, in the middle of this parched desert, we were overtaken by a furious hot sand storm from the southwest, with a temperature of 103 degrees in the shade. The sand and fine, hot dust were carried to a height of a hundred feet, and passed us in dense, suffocating clouds, hiding everything from sight and making it almost impossible to breathe. Although we were riding in the storm, and not against it, I literally gasped for breath for more than two hours; and when we arrived at the station of Chermshanka it would have been hard to tell, from an inspection of our faces, whether we were Kirghis or Americans—black men or white. I drank nearly a quart of cold milk, and even that did not fully assuage my fierce thirst. Mr. Frost, after washing the dust out of his eyes and drinking seven tumblers of milk, revived sufficiently to say: "If anybody thinks that it doesn't get hot in Siberia, just refer him to me!"
At the station of Malo Krasnoyarskaya we left the Irkutsk to the right and saw it no more. Late that afternoon we reached the first foothills of the great mountain range of the Altai, and began the long gradual climb to the Altai station. Before dark on the following day we were riding through cool, elevated Alpine meadows, where the fresh green grass was intermingled with bluebells, from spires, gentians and delicate fringed pinka, and where the mountain tops over our heads were white, a thousand feet down with fresh-fallen snow. The change from the torrid African desert of the Irkutsk to this superb Siberian Switzerland was so sudden and so extraordinary as to be almost bewildering. —George Kennan, in *Century*.

A base-ball player is sometimes sold, and the club that buys him is in some cases sold too. —Boston Courier.

CURIOS LONDON CLUBS.

Several Social Societies to Be Found in the East End of the Metropolis.

A short tour through the East End of London has convinced us that the clubs thereabout are equally as singular as the curious contests held in that quarter.

One of the most amusing is The Judge and Jury. This is a society formed for the purpose of trying mock charges among its members, and is usually held in the parlor of some convenient public house once a week in the winter months, and at stated intervals at the present time. Stepmey, Limehouse, Whitechapel, Spitalfields and other typical East End localities all have their Judge and Jury.

The "charges" are always of a most outrageous as well as humorous description. Many years ago bird fanciers' clubs were much in vogue, but there are very few in existence now.

One of these was for the purpose of relieving a brother bird-catcher when in distress of a peculiar kind.

The law only allows birds to be caught at certain times of the year, and representatives of the lime and twig found laying down their bait out of season were subject to severe penalties. A weekly payment of three pence or six pence to the funds of the society was sufficient to secure a prompt payment of the penalty if caught thus infringing the law.

Another club, peculiar to the bird-catching fraternity, was once a recognized institution, and we believe, although it is not conducted on such a large scale nowadays, that interested parties still meet and talk the matter over in a small way.

The members are known as The Canaries, and the latest idea or dodge discovered in transforming the humble sparrow into a more aristocratic bird changing its coat to another color was discussed and experiments made on the table.

It was said, too, and on good authority, that these men were in the habit of further experimenting on the birds by piercing them with red hot needles in order to make them sing better, but one of the oldest dealers in Bird Fair assured the writer that this latter experiment had never been done to his knowledge.

You will find in the East End clubs for pickpockets and their brethren, clubs for beggars, who mass their takings in the way of victuals together and partake of a meal from the same dish; but one of the most curious is the Teapot Club.

This society is supported by the frequenters of cheap lodging houses, whose limited exchequer will allow them to occasionally partake of the fragrant cup.

The teapot of the lodging-house parlor is the common property of the tenants, and in many of the houses a woman has it given into her charge, while those who wish for a mug of tea every evening can have the same guaranteed on payment of from 1d to 1½d per week.

With the subscriptions from the lodgers "shiftings" at 1s per pound, are purchased and brewed accordingly.

A club, too, exists in the East End only open to men who have met and conquered some recognized champion in the pugilistic world; but among some of the most curious we are inclined to number those devoted to gambling for such small stakes as permit lads to enter the arena of speculation and—lose.

There are scores of these places in London. When standing at Spitalfields Church you are within easy reach of a dozen of such haunts, and we are now about to enter an East End gambling saloon. —London Tid-Bits.

Some Sayings of Holland.

Puppism is not politeness. Every body who is somebody, can do something.

Never content yourself with the idea of having a common-place wife.

The apprehensions of women are finer and quicker than those of men. Inspiration to a higher and purer life always comes from above a man. A man who is willing to enter society as a beneficiary is mean, and does not deserve recognition.

It is the general rule of Providence, the world over, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse.

There are fewer sadder sights in this world than that of mates whom the passage of years has mis-mated.

There is nothing that will tend so strongly to the elevation and purification of young men as female society.

Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it proves him to be a man; it will then bow to him and make room for him. —J. G. Holland.

But Yet an Orphan.

It is only the professional beggar, graduated after a severe course of training, who remembers his part on all occasions. Mrs. Bancroft, an English lady, was guilty of setting a very effective trap for a little boy, who one day came up to her in the street, whining.

"Please, mum, a 'alfpenny, mum. So 'ungry, mum. Ain't 'ad nothink to eat since yesterday mornin' mum. Do, mum. I'm a poor 'orfan' mum."
"Poor boy! An orphan?"
"Yes, mum."
"Dear me! where do your father and mother live?"
"In Queen street, mum!" —*Todd's Companion*.

VICTOR HUGO'S MANNERS.

A Pen-Picture of the Greatest Novelist of the Nineteenth Century.

He returned to Paris in 1871, and encouraged his compatriots during the siege by his cheerful courage, exhorting them to persevere in their gallant resistance. Little Georges and Jeanne, his grandchildren, lived with him, and great was his anxiety when the privations told on Jeanne's health. How beautifully he has written about these children! He was never old in spirit, though he lived to be eighty-three. On the top of an omnibus without a great coat, going up in a balloon, making excursions about Paris, he is frolicsome and delighted with every thing, like a boy. On May 13, 1885, he died, his last word, his last conscious act, being for his grandchildren. And we all recollect what a funeral his countrymen gave him!

Who will cast the first stone? He had faults. Some times he "posed." At one point or another, what amount of genius (which, by itself, even weakens) may enable a man or woman to escape the malicious, ironical, impish taint of inferiority—shall we say, folly? The wise and kindly may regard these signs and symbols of our common humanity in no ungenerous temper, with a certain pitying, amused affectionate tolerance rather. Somebody has said how fortunate we are in having a few details about the private life of Shakespeare—fortunate, yes, if we are "valets" to our "heroes"; otherwise perhaps hardly.

Hugo's theatricality was only superficial. These all have their "treasures in earthen vessels." Ah! and most of us have so much earthen vessel, so little treasure! Well, when I had the honor of being presented to the master in the Avenue d'Eylau, where he latterly lived, I noticed that the room was hung with gorgeous hangings of crimson, brocaded velvet and gold, and that the only thing in form of a statue or a bust was a statuette of the poet himself. But this, of course, was not his private room; and what impressed me far more was the master's unaffected, unassuming, and genial cordiality, the rare charm of his manner. He neither preached nor soliloquized, moreover, but conversed. This ruler over hearts and minds was possessed of an ability to set loyal and devoted subjects at their ease, which many merely hereditary monarchs might envy. All who came in contact with him (Charles Dickens among the number) testify to his singular personal charm; the old man's face was magnificent. —Boden Noel, in *London Academy*.

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TOO HARD FOR HIM.

Why Uncle Joe Was Dissatisfied with His Neighbor.

"So you are going to move out of this neighborhood," said a white man, speaking to an old negro who had just finished loading his household plunder on a wagon.

"Yes, sah; gwine ter quit you."

"Why so?"

"Wall, becaze do folks round yere too hard fur me. Doan wanter fetch my chillun up in no sich er neighborhood. Man hatter be mighty particular, sah, how he fetches up his chillun, caze do Bible is mighty p'inted on dat fact."

"In what respect are the people hereabouts too hard for you?"

"W'y, sah, da's too trash."

"How trash?"

"Oh, wall, da's enis."

"But how curious?"

"Doan you lib here?"

"Yes."

"Den you ougter know how da is enis."

"But I don't."

"Wall, ef you doan I kain't he'p it, dat's all."

"Yes, but seeing that I am ignorant, you might enlighten me. You must remember that I live here, and any charge which you bring against the neighborhood in general reflects relatively upon me."

"Wall, I'll say right now dat you ain't got nothin' ter do w'd my leavin', an' I'll also say ergin dat dese yere folks is too hard fur me."

Just then a constable came up with a warrant for the old negro's arrest.

"Dar!" he exclaimed when the warrant had been read to him. "I tole you dese folks wuz too hard fur me. Now da come cuzin me er stealin'."

See'n da recklessness ways jis natchully ter dar wuz goin' ter try ter git me inter trouble. I spize ter be projected wid dis way. Who says I stold any thing?"

The warrant was sworn out by Colonel Jackson, the officer replied.

"An' he 'cuse me er stealin' er set o' harness?"

"Yes."

"Ah, sah, dat's jist erbout like him. W'y, a man kain't go 'round him wid-out gittin' inter trouble."

"You would not get into trouble if you were to behave yourself."

"Does he have myse' L. Longs ter do church, an' all dat. Come 'cuzin' me er stealin' harness. I reckon he'll say dem's de harness right 'dar," (pointing.)

"No doubt of it," the officer replied.

"Wall, den, take de ole harness, an' let me go on erbout my business."

"I'll take the harness, but you must come with me, too."

"What's de use'n me goin' ef you's got de harness?"

"Come on, old man."

"Wall, dis do beat de worl'. Gits er set o' harness fur nuthin', an' den wans er po' ole innocent man flung inter de bargain. Oh, dat's what makes me say what I does. Dis neighborhood is too hard fur me." —Arkansas Traveler.

HOPE FOR THE DYING.

How an English Hospital Orderly Soothed a Comrade's Last Moment.

Nurses in hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by their patients and their duty of thankfulness, but still it is the poor soldier who suffers the most from always having his causes to be grateful flung in his teeth. Witness the following true story:

Chaplain—So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again and soothe his last moments; why didn't you call me?

Hospital orderly—I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself.

Chaplain—Why, what did you say to him?

Orderly—"Opkins," sez I, "you're mortal bad."

"I am," sez 'e.

"Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you'll get better."

"No," sez 'e.

"Opkins," sez I, "you're going fast."

"Yes," sez 'e.

"Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you can 'ave no go to 'eaven."

"I don't think I can," sez 'e.

"Well, then, 'Opkins," sez I, "you'll go to 'ell."

"I suppose so," sez he.

"Opkins," sez I, "you ought to be very grateful as there's a place provided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go." And I've got 'eard, sir, and then 'e died. —London Hospital.

How to Test a Friend.

Study what your dog thinks of him. See if he offers to lend more than you ask.

Take him with you when you call on your best girl if he happens to be hand-some than you.

Note how long he remembers what he has done for you.

Give him an opportunity to better himself at your expense.

See if he breaks an appointment to go elsewhere.

When you have accomplished any thing together note how much credit he takes to himself.

Inconvenience him and see if he mentions it to his friends.

Offer him the chance to escort home the pretty girl you met at your cousin's.

Judge him by what he does rather than by what he says.

Always be short when he asks for a loan.

Give him an opportunity to anticipate the favor you are about to ask.—Judge.

GOOD CHARACTER.

Its Value Considered by One Who Has Made the Subject a Study.

We think it is quite safe to assert that very few of the young men of today will admit that there is any such thing as a money value to character, and yet we feel equally safe in asserting that it not only has such a value, but that it would be very difficult to express its real worth in dollars and cents.

Another assertion which we feel justified in making is that the employer very often neglects to take its value into consideration, or encourage those in his service to a more realizing sense of its importance, and the necessity of its more careful cultivation.

Character is to the workman what wealth is to the employer; it is his capital, his stock in trade, and upon its marketable value depends his success or failure.

There is, although we are sorry to be obliged to admit it, a sad lack of that real genuineness of character that marks the truly successful life exhibited by the young men of to-day.

Some of the very best workmen in any and every trade that is furnishing them with a means of support have so far neglected to look upon their character as a thing of any value, that they have given it away, or what is still worse, thrown it away, and too often, not satisfied with thus having disposed of their own, they proceed to assist in ruining that of others.

A man is never so well able to realize the fact that there is a value to a good character, as when, out of a job, he applies here and there only to meet with the same answer at every place, and he is very often made painfully aware of the reason for the refusal, for no man can well hide his character, even from a stranger, and especially from employers, who from necessity become accustomed to judge a man from his personal appearance.

An illustration of this was noted by us not long since, as happening in the office of a certain establishment, and while talking with the proprietor, a young man, still in his teens, came into the office, and stepping up to the gentleman with whom we were conversing, asked for employment.

After making some inquiries of the young man as to his ability and his former place of employment, meanwhile appearing to be studying the general appearance of the lad, the gentleman told him that he could not give him a situation.

Being rather curious to know the reason for the refusal, knowing that more help was needed, we ventured to ask the question.

"Well," said the gentleman, "we make it a rule not to employ any but those of good character, so far as we are able to judge. We have many young men in our employ, and we take a great deal of interest in their welfare, and endeavor to aid them, not only to become good workmen, but good citizens and good men. I am quite sure that that young man is addicted to habits that I would not care to have my son acquire, and I would not knowingly introduce him among the others in my employ and subject them to the influence and the natural consequences of social intercourse with one whose character I could not endorse."

Such employers are indeed scarce, and yet one could not be impressed with the inevitable soundness of such logic and reasoning. We only wish that there were more such employers who show a slight degree of interest in the welfare of those they employ, thus not only favoring their own interests, but aiding in raising the standard of character and elevating humanity.

Then, again, the man who has a good character is generally the last one to be turned out when work is dull. —Boston Budget.

It Was Unbearably Dull.

He got off at the D. & M. depot the other day, looked around with some anxiety, and then asked a policeman: "Any body going to be hung in town to-day?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Any big fires raging?"

"No."

"Any riots around?"

"Haven't heard of any."

"Any prize-fights or horse-races?"

"No."

"No runaways, boiler explosions or falling from fourth-story windows?"

"There's none on the programme."

"Might be some stabbing affray or saloon fight."

"Yes, but I don't think so."

"Humph! Detroit must be a nice place to live in! If that's all it amounts to I'll sit down here and go back by the next train."

And, as the policeman solemnly affirms, he sat down in the waiting room for four straight hours and took a train home without having left the building. —Detroit Free Press.

Only One Available.

Husband (who has advertised for a